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EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — NO. I. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 13, 1885. Entered as second-class mail matter.

GREETING.

NEW TIMES bring new duties. Our Unitarian Sunday-schools are everywhere taking increased interest in their work. Teachers were never so eager to learn the best methods of instruction, and pupils have never had so rich and varied a supply of text-books and lesson-helps. Moreover, we believe that a new spirit animates our Sunday-schools. We all feel the glow of a common purpose. Though we belong to a comparatively small division of the great Sunday-school army, yet we rejoice to march in its ranks.

To promote unity of aim among our scattered schools, to help pupils and teachers alike in their efforts to make the most of the Sunday-school, to diffuse the light and warmth of truth, and to make duty appear more lovely and more loveable, we send forth our new paper, and extend a cordial greeting to all our readers. May EVERY OTHER SUNDAY be a welcome and a helpful visitor to every Sunday-school and every home in which it is received!

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is a name that has the merit of stating distinctly one feature of our new paper; for in the great majority of our Sunday-schools it will be received and distributed on every other Sunday of the school year.

THOSE who would have liked better a poetic or symbolical title for the new paper may perhaps be comforted by the fact that EVERY OTHER SUNDAY contains a *hidden* symbol. The initials E. O. S. make the Greek word EOS, which signifies the Goddess of the Dawn. Every time that Eos appeared she made the world young, — "shedding light upon the earth." With her rose-tinted fingers she lifted the veil of darkness, while ruddy beams "shot the Orient through with gold." She loved all fresh young life, and showed special favor to those whose active spirit led them early abroad.

OUR E. O. S. will also aim to be a bringer of light, scattering the shades of error. Her favor will be shown to those who are in the bloom of childhood. With the bright beams of Truth she will shine on the path of those whose active spirits lead them early abroad in the pursuit of wisdom and the practice of goodness. In the warm glow of her shinings may our young readers feel something of the wisdom and love of the Heavenly Father, from whom cometh all truth and all goodness, and in whose light alone we see light.

HARVEST AND SEED-TIME.

"SEED-TIME and harvest shall not cease," — so the ancient promise runs. This year the promise has been abundantly fulfilled throughout our favored land. Soon, in our churches and Sunday-schools the songs of *Harvest-Home* will again be sung; the God of harvest will be praised for the goodness with which He crowns each passing year. But the season of reaping teaches us another lesson besides this of the Divine faithfulness. *Sowing follows harvest, even as harvest follows seed-time.* In our human lives, "the sower goeth forth to sow" at all times; and the seeds for this sowing come from the repeated harvests of experience. "Other men have labored, and we enter into their labors," — we reap the truths they taught, the ideals that were embodied in their lives; and straightway, if we are wise, we sow these seed-thoughts in the good ground of a receptive heart, to the end that harvests of golden deeds may be produced therefrom to glorify the coming days. And, in like manner, we may sow the seeds we gather from the ever-ripening harvests of our individual experiences.

FOR many of us, the summer that is now drawing to its close has been a time not only for rest and pleasure, but for renewal and recreation. We have read new books, made new friends, seen new aspects of Nature's beauty or sublimity. Perhaps in favored hours, in some retired solitude of woods or mountains, or in lonely walks on the ocean's solemn shore, we have had fresh visions of duty, and heard anew the "still, small voice" within. If this has been our experience, we should *now*, even in this harvest-time of the natural year, begin to sow the good seed and plant the fruitful germs, that our lives may hereafter be enriched by virtues and graces uncultivated by us hitherto.

ESPECIALLY in the *Sunday-school* should the good effect of the long vacation be seen. From enjoying Nature, we now turn to hold communion with Nature's God. Our freshened souls are more than ever susceptible to religious impressions; and our minds, invigorated by rest and change, are prepared for greater activity in the delightful pursuit of wisdom.

BUT our Sunday-school pupils should be willing to give each week the time that is required for studying their lessons beforehand. Try, dear scholars, for a single year this regular weekly preparation, and see for yourselves what will come of it. It will cheer and encourage your teachers. Your example will influence all the other members of the school. The recitation-hour will be looked forward to with pleasant anticipation. What once was irksome will be a delight. What before seemed dull will be radiant with the clear shinings of Wisdom's sunny face. What was once heard only to be forgotten will now be treasured up as a truth, a hope, a purpose, an ideal, which enriches the soul with durable wealth, and makes life — the life of each and every day — worth living.

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MISTAKEN.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

ONE icy winter day, as Lulie and her little brother Ebbie were looking out of the window, she said, "There goes the proud man."

"What makes him proud?" asked Ebbie.

"Oh, because he holds his head up so tight. I don't like him."

"*I* don't like him, *too*," chimed in Ebbie. "Don't let 's look at him."

The object of their remarks — a fine-looking middle-aged gentleman, the stately carriage of whose head had somehow incurred Miss Lulie's displeasure — walked on, serenely unconscious.

"Don't let 's look till he 's gone out of sight," continued Ebbie, peeping through his fingers.

"Oh, yes," cried Lulie. "We *must* look at this poor little girl. See, Ebbie! she 's just been to the baker's for yeast, and she has to bring it all home with one arm. The other arm is gone; she broke it off when she was a baby."

"Who told you?"

"She did. I saw her yesterday with that very same kettle."

"Do they eat yeast every day at her house?" asked foolish little Ebbie.

"They pour it into the bread," replied Lulie, with the air of one familiar with the process. "Just see that poor arm, Ebbie! How it has to work."

"The *not arm* is on this side," replied Ebbie, looking intently at the limp, hanging sleeve. "Her two feet are left," he added, after a thoughtful pause. "See how they can run!"

"She 'll spill her yeast if she does n't look out," said practical Lulie. "Oh, dear! there it goes now! She 's tripped herself up on that lump of ice."

"P'r'aps she 's broke the other arm off," cried Ebbie in great excitement. "Let 's go and see, sister."

He ran out into the hall for his cap, Lulie following. There they met a pleasant-looking lady, who asked where they were going.

"Going to help that poor little girl pick up her yeast kettle," said Lulie.

"And her arm, — if it 's broke off," — put in Ebbie. "She only has one. The other side is a *not arm*."

Mamma laughed a little at Ebbie's funny way of putting it, but as both children were fairly quivering with impatience, she went to the window to see the object of their pity.

"Ah!" said she. "She 's up now, and her kettle is safe. So is her arm; but how she cries, poor little girl!"

"*Does n't* she make a screaming?" exclaimed Ebbie. "Let me go! Quick, Mamma! Somebody 'll get there first."

"No, they won't," said Lulie. "There 's nobody on the street but that proud man, and *he* would n't help a poor little girl pick up her yeast, *I* know."

"No. *He* would n't help a poor little girl pick up her yeast," echoed Ebbie.

Mamma looked at them curiously. "If you 're each willing to give her a penny, to buy some yeast, you may go," said she.

They darted out, with a flourish of their tiny pocket-books. The unfortunate little girl was still standing by the scene of the disaster, but her loud screaming had changed to a sobbing, still more pitiful.

"Look at her!" cried Lulie, as they drew near. "*Is n't* it too bad?"

"She 's spilled it all up into her face," said Ebbie, "and her dress has got some of it, too."

"Hurry! hurry, Ebbie!" said Lulie, pulling him along. "There 's that proud man coming back. If he gets there before we do, he 'll scold her. I *know* he will."

"P'r'aps he 'll slap her," panted Ebbie, making his little feet fly very fast over the snow.

"Oh, no! he won't slap her. He 's too — too —" but before Lulie could finish her sentence, she was struck dumb with astonishment. The "proud man" must have taken long strides during the last few seconds, for he had already reached the unfortunate little girl, and, — could the children believe their eyes, — was wiping her face with his own white pocket handkerchief.

"Don't cry," they heard him say as they came up, "there 's no harm done. I think your frock will wash, and I *know* your face will. Run home, and mother 'll make it all right."

The little girl's face brightened at the sound of the kindly voice; but soon the tears came again. "Mother wants the yeast now," sobbed she, "that 's why I ran."

"Ah! *That 's* the trouble, is it? Well, let 's see if we can't make that all right, too;" and he took out a large red pocket-book.

The children watched him anxiously. He fumbled over the coins for a second, and then took out, not a penny, but a shining nickel, and gave it to the little girl. "Go and buy your yeast," said he, "and then hurry home to mother;" and he turned away, smiling at her grateful glance, and her earnest, "Thank you, sir."

What a pleasant face he had! Two pairs of bright eyes were fixed intently upon it.

The gentleman could not long remain unconscious of such eager scrutiny. "Well, little woman," said he, looking down at Lulie, "what *is* it?"

The conscious blush flew up into Lulie's face. She could n't answer. Ebbie came to the rescue.

"We thought you would n't wipe off a little girl's face. We thought *p'r'aps* you 'd slap her."

"Oh, no, Ebbie," corrected Lulie, hastily. "I *said* he would n't slap her."

"*I* thought p'r'aps he 'd slap her," persisted Ebbie.

"But why did you think I 'would n't wipe off a little girl's face'?" asked the amused gentleman, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Lulie said so," exclaimed Ebbie. "She said you looked too proud, because you held your head up so tight."

Poor little Lulie! Her fat cheeks were all aflame. "I thought p'r'aps you were n't a very good man," she stammered apologetically, "because — because — you looked so proud."

"I am unfortunate," laughed the gentleman. "How shall I punish this head of mine for holding itself *up so tight?*"

"You must n't punish it at all," answered Lulie, who felt very much like crying.

"No," echoed Ebbie. "You must n't punish it at all. It 's the way it grows."

"That 's just it," exclaimed the gentleman. "It 's the way it grows, and I can't help it. So I 'm not to blame, am I?"

"No," replied Ebbie, magnanimously, "you 're not to blame."

By this time they had reached the children's door. Ebbie ran in, thinking only of telling mamma all about it, but Lulie turned toward the gentleman a flushed, repentant face.

"It 's *too bad* I called you proud," she faltered.

"Never mind, little girlie," he answered with another laugh. "It 's the fate of mankind to be misunderstood." And just here, the gentleman's face looked so very kind and gentle, that she put up her lips for the kiss of forgiveness, which was instantly given.

Ebbie, meanwhile, had rushed up into mamma's room, and was telling the story in a manner more earnest than intelligible.

"You see, Mamma, we could n't give her a penny, because he gave her a nickel, and he is n't really proud, Mamma. He can't help his head. It 's the way it grows."

"But I hope my children have n't been rude to the kind gentleman," said Mamma gravely.

"Oh, no," replied Lulie, who came in just then. "We have n't been rude to him. He asked us, 'What is it?' and we told him. That 's all. He 's a *very* good man, Mamma."

"And we won't call him proud again," put in Ebbie. "We wont, *never*, will we, Lulie?"

A few days afterwards Mamma heard the children discussing the disposition of a small boy who had just moved into the street.

"He 's a cross boy," said Ebbie with severity. "He 's a *very cross* boy, — 'cause he turns his nose up like this," — illustrating.

"You must n't say he 's cross, just for his nose, Ebbie," replied Lulie reprovingly. "P'r'aps he can't help his nose. P'r'aps that 's the way it grows."

TIGE AND DANDY.

BY G. D. P.

TIGE and Dandy are the very best of friends. They live in San Francisco, where I saw them not long ago. Tige is a large bay horse, who stands all day in his stall at the Fire Patrol house, without being tired. Whenever the gong of the fire-alarm rings, he runs to his place by the wagon-shaft, and in a few seconds is all harnessed and ready to start for the fire. It is n't an engine he helps draw, but a wagon filled with rubber blankets and other things to be used in saving goods or pictures, etc., from the flames. Dandy does not help draw the wagon, or go to the fire. He stays behind to take care of the building. Dandy is a terrier, with curly hair that is almost white, and looks soft and silky. I presume he feels himself to be of quite as much use as Tige, and perhaps he is. At any rate, Tige would be very lonely without him.

Many times a day does Dandy go to Tige's stall to have a play with him; and as Tige cannot leave his stall unless the gong rings, and then only to go to the fire, they cannot have a very lively frolic. But Tige laps Dandy's silky hair with his big lips till it is quite wet, and pokes him gently about with his nose; and Dandy jumps up and puts his paws on Tige's big face, and they seem to enjoy doing that over and over again. They are very fond of each other. What do you suppose is the reason? I think it is because each one is so gentle. Tige could easily crush Dandy with one blow from his hoof, or with his head knock him over rudely on the floor, and hurt him; or Dandy could bite Tige's face, or scratch him, or bark at him to tease him, — and then all the kind feelings would be gone. Tige would stamp and kick every time Dandy came near, and Dandy would run every time he saw Tige moving in his stall, and neither of them would have a kind friend to play with. As it is, gentleness rules them both, and they are very happy in each other.

A SUNDAY TALK.

One of the lady contributors to Every Other Sunday sends to the Editor a pleasant Sunday talk about some Swiss customs, and the scenery of Switzerland. Her letter is dated "Chamounix," and she begins by describing a funeral procession which she saw in the streets of the little village.

"Nearly all the mourners were women, and their dress was very peculiar. Over the usual dress (which in most cases seemed to be black) was a white cotton garment, with loose, straight sleeves, coming nearly or quite to the bottom of the under-dress. On the head was a large square of cotton which fastened under the chin, and was pulled out over the face much like a sunbonnet, concealing the features. At the head of the procession walked one of the women carrying a tall wooden cross, which had been painted black, and upon which was tied a piece of black crape; following her were two women walking abreast, who carried peculiar looking objects, resembling miniature fortresses or towers: they were placed on the tops of long poles, and evidently made of tin; were painted black, and bore the marks of much use. The tower part was about a foot and a half or two feet high. Then walked four or six men carrying the coffin upon a trestle; following these, the women walked two by two, and the men straggled along in the rear."

Our correspondent then describes the funeral services in the little white stone-church. Lighted candles in silver candlesticks were placed on the coffin, and small candles were also held in the hands of the mourners. The service was very impressive, all the people in the church joining in the responses, and all partaking of the sacrament, going up one after another to the altar-rails and kneeling to receive it. "You know, of course," she continues, "that in the Catholic Church many ceremonies are held sacred which we know nothing of in our simpler way of worship. Some of these seem to us peculiar, because we do not understand them; but they all have a meaning, and are symbolic of some great truth. When they swing the censer in the church, and the delicate odor rises from the burning incense, it is not that they believe the sweet smell is really pleasant to God, though I think ignorant people might once have thought so, when they saw what pains God has taken to make the flowers fragrant. But we know that God is not human but Divine; he is not matter, but Spirit. I think they must do that only as a symbol of the sweetness to God of ascending prayer and praise. Perhaps you will remember here a poem by Longfellow called 'Sandalphon,' — the angel who

> 'gathers the prayers as he stands,
> And they change into flowers in his hands,
> Into garlands of purple and red;
> And beneath the great arch of the portal,
> Through the streets of the City Immortal
> Is wafted the fragrance they shed.'

"That is a legend, and is only another way from the swinging censer in the church of saying that God loves to have us go to him, in joy or sorrow, just as human fathers like to have their children come to them.

"Thinking of these things, I found myself trying to understand what this strange service I had just seen could mean. The cross that was carried in front of the procession, — that was for the headstone, of course; but why did they choose that form, if not to signify their belief in him who died on the cross? The two miniature towers or fortresses, — it may have been a very childish way of expressing it, — but what else could they mean but that joined with the belief in and love of the Christ who was crucified, was an earnest trust in God? 'O Lord, my strength and my *fortress*, and my refuge in the day of affliction,' the Prophet Jeremiah cries out. David, in his Psalms, sings, 'The Lord is my rock and my *fortress*, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust.' And King Solomon tells us that 'The name of the Lord is a strong *tower*: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.'

"Then the white dresses, — white is the emblem of purity; and was it not proper that those who were putting away the earthly garb of a soul who had just entered heaven, should clothe themselves, as we believe the angels to be clothed, in purity? The little tapers in the church, — they were symbolical of human life. 'The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord,' says Solomon."

In the afternoon our friend walked to the top of the little hill just behind the village church. There looking through a telescope which a man keeps on this hill-top for the purpose, she makes an imaginary journey to the awful summit of Mt. Blanc. Then descending, she stops in the churchyard and sits down by the new-made grave, her hands full of the ladies'-delights she has picked in the course of her walk. "I looked up," she says, "at the range of grand mountains. They are, indeed, 'eternal hills!' When I brought my eyes down from their immensity to the little village nestled at their feet, and saw the people in the street hastening to and fro, the village seemed like an ant-hill, the men and women like ants. Everything human seemed small; and, for a moment, I thought that the great God who had made those mountains and the immense sea over which I had passed not long before, could not possibly care for such small creatures as we are; could not mind when our hearts are heavy and our tears fall; could not even want our prayers, when such grand creations as that snowy range, sparkling in all the splendor of a clear sunny sky, stood there forever, uttering unceasingly the praise of its Maker! I looked and looked, feeling every moment more and more overwhelmed with the majesty and the beauty and the immensity of that one work of God's hands, those 'eternal hills.' My very heart sank within me. The new-made grave was beside me. What difference had that death made to any but a few of the little creatures called men and women?

"Just then I chanced to look down upon the wild flowers I had picked. Their sweet odor ascended. I saw how wonderfully they were made, and I loved them because they were like those we have in our own land. And then I seemed to hear a voice, which said, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore.'

"Indeed, what cause have we to fear, when the God, who is our Father, is also Love? He creates the mighty mountains, but he makes also the little wild flowers; and if he has numbered our hairs, he counts our tears as well, and pities our infirmities. He holds us all safe in the hollow of his hand; and even to think of the love he bears us, is like 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'"

It is a common mistake to wish to *get* good rather than to give good. Martineau well says: "To *get* good is animal; to *do* good is human; to *be* good is divine."

History and Biography.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY GRATIA.

"God and cleanliness of conscience is a comfort which no earthly prince can give."

These words were used by the constable to the daughter of Sir Thomas More, to whom he was describing the brave death her father died. "I was ashamed of myself," he said, "that at our parting my heart should be so weak and his so strong. But God and cleanliness of conscience is a comfort which no earthly prince can give."

Sir Thomas knew how much earthly princes can give. He owed to his prince wealth, honor, position. When Henry VIII. came to the throne, Sir Thomas was plain Thomas More. He had been in disgrace with the last king, for he had dared to oppose in Commons the granting of a large sum of money, for which the people were to be unjustly taxed. He was the youngest member of the House of Parliament, but he dared boldly to oppose the measure; and through his bravery the avaricious king did not get the money. But Thomas More was obliged to hide to keep out of prison.

So, when the young prince came to the throne Sir Thomas was living in obscurity. His bravery and honesty, however, daily won him esteem, and he slowly rose in position until he was finally asked to become the king's treasurer.

"Upon one condition," he replied. "In all things I must look first to God, and after God to the king." That is, he meant, I shall do nothing God will not approve, even though you ask it.

King Henry then thought Sir Thomas a brave, honest man, but as years went by Henry cared less for what God approved; and finally he committed an act which More thought a sin against God and the Church. This act the king determined More should publicly approve. But the sovereign could not force his servant to do an unjust thing; no, not even though he kept him in prison for more than a year, and took from him his wife and children, his wealth and pleasant home. Still, to Sir Thomas, "God and cleanliness of conscience" were more than anything an earthly prince could give. So the king condemned him to be beheaded on Tower Hill; and there, with a humorous word to the executioner out of the light heart his conscience gave him, he died.

There is a book Sir Thomas wrote, called "Utopia." In it he described an imaginary island, where all the people are good and happy. He wrote of their pleasant occupations, their happy homes, their just government. Every one enjoyed reading it, but very few thought, I presume, that such a life could ever be realized here. Now, Sir Thomas believed in his heart that it could be. He thought that if every one in London would try to be just as good a son, husband, father, and citizen as he could be, even London might become that Utopia; and the best way to bring it about was to keep one's own life pure, one's own conscience clean, — and that he meant to do. We read of his lovely family life, where was "no wrangling," and "every one did his duty with alacrity." I think it was this noble ideal he carried in his heart all through life that helped him keep his life pure; and I wish we could all keep such an ideal in our hearts, and so help to make America that Utopia of which he dreamed. Then, no matter what our outward condition, whether rich or poor, we should have the happy heart of Sir Thomas More.

Our Letter Box.

The Editor finds two letters in the Letter-Box, which are given below. He hopes to have a good many correspondents, and invites all his young readers to write to him. He would be glad to hear from them about the Sunday-schools to which they belong; but they are free to write on any topic in which they are interested.

William Brewster, whose letter comes first, sets an excellent example to the other child-readers of our paper. A gentle and clever dog like "Bruno" is a good companion for a boy, and a love for pet creatures should make a child more loving towards his human friends. But here is William's letter: —

Dear Mr. Editor, — I like this new paper better than I did the Dayspring, and I thought the children would like to hear about my pets. I have two birds and a cat; but I think my best pet is our good dog Bruno. He carries baskets and pails in his mouth. He puts up his paw when he wants any meat or bread. When he is hot or thirsty he sticks out his tongue. . . . In the evening when the paper comes, we open the door so he can get out, and we say, "Go get the paper, Bruno." He goes and picks up one paper and gives it to Papa, and gets the other and gives that to Grandpa. Then he lies down to rest. . . . When we are at our seashore cottage we throw sticks into the water, and Bruno jumps in after them and brings them out to us. . . . Bruno has a big bathing-house for his home, with some straw inside of it. Bruno is gentle and clever. When Papa calls Bruno he comes. Sometimes Bruno goes to bed with me. . . . Bruno has black, curly fur, with a little white on his breast, paws, and nose. And one of the birds is yellow, and a little black on her. The other is all yellow. The cat is a sort of grayish, with a white breast. . . . Bruno is a Newfoundland dog. All of us like Bruno, — even my uncles, aunts, grandma, cousins, grandpa. . . . I will tell you more next time. I am a boy, and I am six years old. My name is William Brewster.

Plymouth, Mass.

Ella R. writes: —

Boston, August 15, 1885.

Mr. Editor.

Dear Sir, — The following sentence contains *all* the letters of the alphabet. I think it will interest your readers: —

"A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dogs."

Can any of our young readers make up another sentence which shall contain every letter in the alphabet?

SOME ENIGMAS.

We give in this number of our paper two original enigmas in verse. Let our young readers see who will send first the correct answers to them. If any reader can reply in verse, so much the better. Perhaps some of the children will make up enigmas to send to the Letter-Box. The Editor also hopes to receive many answers to the Bible Questions.

I.

My first is a part of our bodily frame,
My second 's a pronoun that stands for a name;
My third, too,'s a pronoun that every one uses,
My fourth to express his amazement one chooses;
My whole is the name of an Old Testament book.
If you guess me in parts, at this name you may look.

II.

My first is an article, of speech a short part,
My second at times will make the tears start;
My third is a nickname to every child dear,
My whole is a King whom a Saint did not fear.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What commandment did the Apostle James call the *Royal Law?*
2. What proverb that Jesus used expressed the difficulty of carrying out an enterprise?
3. Quote from the Sermon on the Mount the passage in which Jesus tells his disciples to be cautious how they give advice to certain classes of people.
4. Concerning whom did Jesus use the words, "He was a burning and a shining light"?
5. Whom did Jesus call "that fox"?

For Youngest Readers.

RALPH AND HIS DOLL.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

Ralph loved his doll very dearly. She was so pretty, with blue eyes and real hair; and such rosy cheeks that Ralph could never resist the temptation to kiss her, — although he kissed very gently, that he might not soil her pretty face. Grandma had given Dolly to him, and he placed her bed in the corner of the dining-room, and she was undressed and put to bed every night, and dressed again in the morning and brought to the breakfast table.

Now Ralph was not a "girl-boy" one bit, as some little boy may think who reads this. He was as brave as any little fellow I ever knew, — played foot-ball and base-ball; climbed trees and went fishing; was always ready to join in any boy's game, and did not cry when he got hurt.

Ralph's cousin Cleve often came to play with him; and although Cleve did not care for a doll, he never laughed at Ralph for loving his so dearly. One day after they had been playing some time, Ralph thought his doll needed the air; so he dressed her nicely in her pink dress, with Tam-o'-Shanter cap to match, and started for the station to let Miss Dolly see the cars. Cleve drew his big express-wagon, perhaps to carry her baggage, as if Dolly were going away for a visit.

They walked through the main street, and all went well; but on turning a corner, a shout arose from a crowd of boys who were watching some workmen lay the sidewalk.

"Oh, see the boy with a doll! A boy with a doll! — eh!" they called out in mocking tones.

"Sh-shame!" joined in two others, who were seated across a board placed on two barrels, when — bang! crash! — the board gave way, and landed the boys suddenly on the hard pavement.

Another time Ralph would have laughed at their mishap, but this time he was too much devoted to his dolly, and too anxious lest the rude boys should interrupt her airing. His little arm tightened around his pretty doll, and he walked out into the street and on without answering them.

"Oh, a doll! A boy with a doll! O-o-oh!" jeered the crowd, and one boy ran out towards him with a threatening gesture. Ralph never spoke, but hugged his treasure tighter, while Cleve instantly struck at the boy, determined to protect his cousin. They got by safely, and Dolly did not seem at all frightened. Very soon they met Grandma, who had been making a call and had seen all that happened.

"Let me carry your doll, Ralph," she said.

"No, thank you," answered Ralph, "I can carry her. I am taking her to walk," and he turned bravely back, passed the boys and went home.

"Why did you take your dolly down town, Ralph? Did n't you know that the boys would make fun of you?" asked Grandma, when she came home an hour later.

"Yes, Grandma, I knew it," he answered; "but Dolly needed the air. I don't care if they do laugh. It does n't hurt me."

Is any boy who reads this story, which is really true, afraid of a laugh? If so, and he is sure that he is doing a right thing, let him be brave and say as Ralph did, "I don't care if they do laugh. It does n't hurt me."

PUSSY.

Did you ever think why we call the cat *puss?*

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idol gods, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a little bright crescent, or half moon, as we say.

Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes, to see how they change?

So these people made an idol with the cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon, for the word means the *face of the moon.*

That word has been changed to *pas* or *pus*, and has come at last to be *puss*, the name which most every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy-cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Who ever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her? — *Selected.*

Persons sometimes get unexpected answers, even from children. A teacher was questioning a Sunday-school class about the man who fell among thieves on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Bringing the story to a point, he asked: "Now, why did the priest and Levite pass by on the other side?" A scholar held out his hand. "Well, my boy, why did the priest pass by on the other side?" "I know," said the lad. "Because the man was already robbed." Evidently this boy had caught the *spirit* of the parable; for a priest who would pass a sufferer by would be capable of any other meanness, even of beating and robbing a lonely traveller.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

SOMETHING ABOUT SEA-FLOWERS.

BY ALGA.

A FEW summers ago I spent several weeks at the seashore, and found so much pleasure in collecting and preserving some sea-mosses, or *algæ* as they are properly called, that I would like to interest the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY in this charming work, — for work it is, and it takes a good deal of time.

Imagine, then, that you are walking with me along one of our beaches. The waves are rolling in grandly upon the shore, and on the crest of one you see what looks like a quantity of dark weeds. They are tossed up and down, and at last are left by the retreating wave upon the beach, — a tangled mass of mosses, old straw, and other refuse. As you push this about with a stick you discover something in it that looks like dark green slime clinging to the slippery "weeds." Now, take a bit of this and *float* it in the first quiet pool you come to. What beautiful forms you see before you! The green slime has changed into delicate feathery ferns, each one a shape of rare beauty. This species of *alga* has a long name, *Ectocarpus*, which means "outside growth;" and the weed on which it is found is well called Eel-grass, because it is "as slippery as an eel." The "moss" is really a parasite, — that is, a plant which grows on another plant.

Now look carefully before you, and you will see some bright-colored mosses scattered on the beach that has just been left wet by the tide. Gather these, and float them in the water. They will spread out into clusters of tiny leaves, some bright red, others darker, but all sharply veined, and looking wonderfully like the leaves of the oak-tree. Their botanical name is *Delesseria sinuosa*. There are several varieties of this genus, and all are beautiful. But look again. Here is something different, — a slender moss, in shape like a fern. It is so delicate that you fear you will not be able to get it home; but take up a little sand with it, and that will keep it from injury. These mosses are exquisite, both in form and color, and when spread out on card-board they look as if they had been painted. Their beautiful branchlets can be arranged in graceful curves; but these *algæ* cannot be pressed. The name of the genus is *Rhodomela gracilis*, — the first word describing the dark red color of the mosses, and the second denoting their graceful form. If you would see them in their full beauty, go at low tide to some pool among the rocks where the sea-water always remains, and you may perhaps find them growing there. You may also find there another sea-fern, the name of which is *Ptilota plumosa*, so called because its fronds or little branches are shaped like feathers. They are very common on the coast north of Cape Cod.

When you are collecting *algæ*, you will of course gather many that you will not care to preserve. In order to tell which to keep, you must first float them, that you may be able to see their whole shape. And in searching for specimens you must not be content with looking along the beaches, but must hunt for them in the pools among the rocks. Such hunting always rewards the seeker, as some of the most beautiful of these flowers of the ocean would "blush unseen" if we did not patiently look for them in their quiet hiding-places.

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 1.

A WONDERFUL LAMP.

BY CARLE LIEMER.

"HULLO!" exclaimed Alfred Merton, as he overtook Tom Lenox one day after school, "where's your sibylline oracle now that prophesied so truly that you'd keep the head of the class? Ha! ha!" he laughed, as several of their schoolmates came up; "look at the boaster, and he could n't spell *sibylline*. We 'll lend you a hammer, lout, to pound your spelling into your brains."

"You will need a hammer yourself, sneak! Any fool could have spelled the word after my failure, let alone having it written on his finger-nail!"

"You lie!" cried Alfred, — and in an instant both boys were rolling in the sand; but the others interfered, and carried Alfred away.

Tom found himself alone, heated, bruised, and angry, and sat down on a stone to collect his scattered wits. Suddenly his eyes fell on something bright in the sand. Four quarters! "They must belong to Al! I'll just plant these, old boy; and when they grow into trees and bear quarters you can get your money back," — and he laid himself flat on the stone and began to dig.

A shadow fell across his work, and he started up. It was only Dan Riley, a poor boy of the village.

"Come here, Dan!" Tom cried; "I've got something for you," and he held out one of the quarters. "If I give you this, will you promise never to tell where you got it?"

Dan's eyes glistened with delight, and he promised at once. He had never had so much money before, and he thought of the feast he and his little sister would have.

Two oranges were bought first, and as he left the store he met Alfred Merton, who demanded where such a beggar got money enough to buy oranges; and catching him by the collar, he led him back.

"Did this boy give you a quarter to change for these oranges, Mr. Jones?" asked Alfred.

"Yes," replied the storekeeper, holding the silver he was about dropping into the drawer.

"Will you see if there is a cross scratched just below the liberty cap? 'Cause it 's mine, if there is."

"Sure enough, there 's one here."

"This boy is a thief," cried Alfred. "He must have taken my four quarters from my desk."

"I never stealed anything," cried Dan. "Lem me 'lone."

But his struggles were of no avail. He was searched, and kicked out with threats of something worse. All the joy in his heart was turned to bitter disappointment.

At the opening of school the next morning, Professor Lawton gave notice of Alfred's loss, and Dan's supposed theft. "If any boy," he concluded, "knows aught of this matter, truth and honor demand that he make it known. Don't let innocence suffer."

Poor Tom went home depressed and unhappy. His first impulse had been to go to his teacher; but to be branded by the whole school as a thief! He could not enjoy his Saturday afternoon as usual, and he went to the far end of the garden, and threw himself beneath the shade of a large tree. "Poor little Dan," he thought, "keeping his promise through everything. I only meant to get even with Al. Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Do as you would be done by," said a low voice at his side. Opening his eyes, he saw a golden lamp of dazzling light. "This lamp," said the voice, "is a heavenly gift sent to lead you out of your sins and perplexities."

"What is it? Aladdin's lamp?" cried Tom, wonderingly.

"No, it is more wonderful than that," replied the voice; "it is called Truth, and is an infallible guide through every difficulty. It would say to you now, 'THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.' '*Love worketh no evil to his neighbor.*'"

"I know, I know!" cried Tom.

"What is the matter, my boy?" asked Mrs. Lenox, bending over him.

He opened his eyes, and seeing his mother, threw both arms around her neck, and poured into her sympathizing ears his whole trouble.

It was easier, with her loving counsel, to step into the path lighted by the lamp of Truth; and before night the buried money had been dug up and carried to Professor Lawton's, with a full confession. At Tom's request, little Dan's innocence was proclaimed before the school, and how unflinchingly he had kept his promise of silence through blows and taunts.

"Oh, mother!" cried Tom, flinging his cap into the air, "I feel just like Christian when he lost his load; and after this I'll think of my dream, and the lamp, when I am tempted to do wrong."

LYDIA.

BY MRS. L. KEENE.

WHENEVER I looked at her quiet face I thought of the sweet "Sisters" whom we meet so often in cities, going about doing their good works. Her brown hair and her large sober eyes and pale face drew out my heart to her, as I met her going to and fro. By and by we began to smile upon each other, and to say "good-morning;" then we walked together as far as my gate; and one cold morning when I thought I spied tears in her eyes, I took her hand and asked if she were sick. She broke out into sobs, crying, "O Lady, my Grammy is so sick! And I cannot go to the painting lesson any more, and I love it so! They say she is going far off from me, never to come back, and that I shall have no home any more."

Then she ran on, telling me how her Grammy used to live away over the ocean in beautiful France, and knew how to make lace and do lovely things with her needle; and how her own mother died when she was a baby, and Grammy had been her mother always. "Oh, she makes such lovely things for the people who live on the hill, and I go there to carry them! One day I had to wait for the lady, and I just dared to look at those sweet faces in the pictures; one lady was leaning her cheek down on her baby's hair, and it came over me that my own mamma must have looked like that; and I could not help the tears rolling down. Just then the mistress came. She only asked if I liked pictures, and I told her I always did. She said she painted sometimes when her baby was asleep; and if I were good, perhaps I could come up some morning earlier with the work, and watch her paint, and that perhaps I might learn a little. So I have been there one morning a week ever since. Grammy was so happy. But she is going away from me to heaven, and can never, never come back!"

And she sobbed as if her heart would break. I took her hand and led her home. Sure enough, Grammy was going away, — very soon, too. She lay on her low bed, as white as the snowy coverlet tucked about her.

We had her only two days more; then she went away, happy because Lydia had found a friend.

Now, I was alone in the world, going daily to the Seminary to give lessons; and as the child clung to me, and my heart went out to her, I began to plan to make room for her in my own small home. Pretty soon a closet was transformed into a cosey bedroom, and Lydia and I lived together.

The motherly woman at the head of the Seminary heard her story, and straightway made room for her in the painting-hall, where before long her rare talent and her unselfish, loving ways made her more than welcome; and in time she became teacher to the younger pupils. To me she was indeed a sweet "Sister of Charity," — the dearest nurse, the swiftest seamstress, and the daintiest housekeeper in all the world!

So four happy years went by, and my Lydia was eighteen; when, through the generosity of the dear "Mother" at the Seminary, she went abroad to get better teachers, for she bids fair to become a fine artist. It was looking upon this picture — her *own* copy of the sweet lady leaning her cheek upon her baby's soft golden hair — that moved my heart to tell you all about my Lydia, dear children.

Teachers' Department.

A WORD TO TEACHERS.

On this page of Every Other Sunday we shall, from time to time, offer to our Sunday-school teachers practical suggestions concerning their work. Gleanings of *News from the Schools* will present some of the prominent features in the conduct and exercises of particular schools for the information and benefit of all the rest. In *Notes and Queries* we hope to carry on an active correspondence with superintendents, teachers, and pupils on whatever topics they may wish to inquire about. We shall also give, in the *Teachers' Department*, occasional notes upon the "Lessons on the Teachings of Jesus," which the Sunday-School Society is now publishing. The *Golden Text Stories*, the first number of which is given on page 6 of this paper, will be helpful to teachers, who may read them to their classes when the lesson containing the "Golden Text" is taken up.

HARVEST SUNDAY.

We hope to hear of the general observance by our schools of the coming Harvest Sunday. The best kind of service for this festival of thanks is that which unites the Sunday-school with the congregation. Let it take place in the church instead of the usual morning service, and "let the people, yea, let *all* the people," the God of harvest praise.

The best interests of both congregation and school are served by the joint observance of each of the four great festivals of the natural and the Christian year, — *Harvest Sunday*, *Christmas*, *Easter*, and *Flower*, or *Children's Sunday*. Such united services make the children feel that the church as well as the Sunday-school *is for them;* and at the same time they remind those members of the congregation who do not belong to the school, that the church and the Sunday-school are members each of the other, and are laboring for the common welfare of young and old.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Lesson Calendar. — No. 1. Son and Brother. No. 2. Who is my Neighbor?

In his wonderfully suggestive "Lectures on the Influence of Jesus," Phillips Brooks, after affirming the great inspiring idea of Jesus to be "the relation of childhood and fatherhood between man and God," goes on to say: —

"It is more important than we often think, that we should grasp the general idea, the general purpose, of the life of Jesus. The Gospels become to us a new book when we no longer read them merely as the anecdotes of the life of one who with a great, kind heart went through the world, promiscuously doing good as opportunities occurred to him. The drifting and hap-hazard currents gather themselves together, and we are borne on with the full and enthusiastic impulse of a great river which knows itself and knows the sea it seeks. And when the ruling idea is this which fills the life of Jesus, it is doubly true that only by clearly seizing it can we get at the heart and the meaning of his life. For it is not only an idea; it is a religious inspiration. It is not only the food of the mind; it is the fire of the soul. In all its human uses, the idea of fatherhood comes nearer to being a religious idea than that of any other human relationship. When we catch sight of it as the expression of man's relationship to God, it has all that mysterious and beautiful mingling of the most vast and awful with the most near and personal and urgent; all that vagueness which we know includes definiteness; all that definiteness not excluding vagueness, which is the very essence of religious impressiveness. And when we think of it as the idea of Jesus, it must always have this special beauty connected with it, — that Jesus must have grown up into the apprehension of it as he grew into the consciousness of his own life. He must have become aware that all men were God's sons, and felt the desire to tell them so, and make their sonship a reality; kindling like fire within him just in proportion as he came to know, softly and gradually, under the skies of Galilee and the roof of the carpenter, the deep and absorbing mystery that he himself was the Son of God."

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

Old in its statement but new in its spirit, the Christian precept to love our neighbor as ourself is based upon the great truth of the sonship and brotherhood of man. Rightly understood and fully carried out, charity is true holiness. The mercy which the Good Samaritan displayed is indeed of the same nature with the pity which in all ages and in every land has moved men to help the needy and relieve the distressed. But as it is taught us in the words of Jesus, and illustrated in his life and character, this "humanity" takes on a new aspect and wears an added grace. Each son of God is a brother to every other human being, and the brotherly spirit is the spirit that has first cried within us, "Abba, Father."

THE "GOSPEL" FOR CHILDREN.

Did you never see a little girl run bounding to her play-fellow, clapping her hands and saying, "I 've got something splendid to tell you"? How her eye sparkles! What interest is at once aroused! What impatience to hear the news! Teaching the gospel is simply telling the good news of a loving Father, and of the possibility of a true life, — a useful, happy life in his service. It is good news for children; and it is our duty to tell it to them. — *Selected.*

WHAT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL IS FOR.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

In the Sunday-school shall be one hour of Sunday where any child who is big enough to leave home shall find out what Sunday means, and what it is for, in exercises fitted for a child. For those who are older, there shall be an hour spent here which may serve to gild other schooling or other occupation. The Sunday-school shall assert week by week the value of character and the way to form character; it shall try to make life more firm and true; it shall train manhood and womanhood. One is sometimes told that the results of such training do not appear at once. But all history and all life are unanimous in the declaration that men and nations prosper where there has been fit care for moral education; and that they fail and are ruined if the education attempted has been mere instruction in facts, or discipline of man's wit, or training of his body.

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

The Thirty-Ninth Anniversary of the East Boston Unitarian Sunday-school was observed on June 28, at the Church of Our Father. Rev. G. M. Bodge, Pastor and Superintendent, preached in the morning a sermon appropriate to the occasion, and in the afternoon the general exercises of the School were held, including a Christening Service, at which fifteen little ones received baptism, the school joining in the Christening hymns. Songs, recitations, concert parts by the children, selections by two quartettes chosen from the School, the annual reports of officers, and distribution of one hundred and six prizes for constant attendance and excellent lessons and behavior, with a brief address by the Superintendent, made up the programme of the day. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer show the past year to have been a most successful one for the school.

The prevailing fashion of summer studies has invaded one of our closed Sunday-school rooms. There being no services at the church of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester during July and August, and the Sunday-school being "off for a vacation," a class of ladies was formed in the parish to meet regularly Sunday afternoons for the purpose of Bible study. We hope in a later number to record the results of this experiment.

Notes and Queries.

Is it well to leave out the Old Testament in our Sunday-school Work?

Most decidedly not. While it is true that for a knowledge of our own religion we need to have a thorough acquaintance with the New Testament, and especially with the Gospels, we should also read and study the Old Testament for instruction in righteousness. Its history, rightly interpreted, is a divine philosophy, "teaching by examples." Its devotional poetry is "one prolonged voice of thankfulness and penitence, praise and prayer." The prophetic element in the Old Testament, correctly understood, is a strong witness to the fact that God indeed spoke by the mouth of the Hebrew seers. Matthew Arnold says: "The whole history of the world to this day is in truth one continual establishing of the Old Testament revelation: 'O ye that love the Eternal, see that ye hate the thing that is evil! To him that ordereth his conversation aright shall be shown the salvation of God.'"

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

STORIES OF INVENTION, TOLD BY INVENTORS AND THEIR FRIENDS. Collected and edited by Edward E. Hale. Roberts Brothers. pp. 293. Price $1.00.

This latest of a series of five, called by Mr. Hale his "Boy Books," will interest the girls as well as the boys. In it he has, to use an expression of his own, "picked out the plums from the pudding of cyclopædias and biographies, hoping thereby to tempt his readers to search further for themselves." Certainly no one could fail to be curious concerning Mr. Edgeworth's one-wheeled chaise, or Benjamin Franklin's musical glasses, or Friar Bacon's head of brass, which he expected to hear speak. Franklin's method of "growing better" is also very suggestive as well as interesting; and the patience and perseverance shown by inventors under the most trying circumstances of poverty and failure are worth reading of, if only to make us value the blessings that these men have left to the world. It is an excellent book for Sunday-school libraries. P.

DOWN THE RAVINE. By Charles E. Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 196. Price $1.25.

We have here a fine book. Aside from its remarkable delineation of character and description of scenery, it teaches an excellent lesson; but so real is the whole story, and so absorbing its interest, that one does not see until the book is laid down that the text has been taken from that commandment, in this day least taught or remembered of all the ten, "Honor thy father and thy mother." It is rarely that such a book is written for the young, and its readers will not be confined to that class. P.

CLASSICS FOR CHILDREN.

From Messrs. Ginn, Heath, & Co. of Boston, we have received a number of their valuable publications of standard works edited for the use of children between the ages of nine and fifteen. The following is the list: —

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Edited by W. H. Lambert. pp. 264. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

This is slightly abridged by the omission of unimportant matter; but great care has been taken to preserve Defoe's original language.

CHURCH'S STORIES OF THE OLD WORLD. pp. 354. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

The contents comprise the stories of the Argo, of Thebes, the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Æneid. The style is simple, idiomatic, and easy.

SCOTT'S QUENTIN DURWARD. Edited for this Series, with an Historical Introduction, by Charlotte M. Yonge, of England. pp. 312. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

SCOTT'S LADY OF THE LAKE. Edited by Edwin Ginn. pp. 267. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

This book contains a brief Life of Scott, and also his critical notes on the poem, carefully abridged, with sufficient annotation to be easily read by children ten years old.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S GREEK HEROES. Edited by John Tetlow. pp. 168. Illustrated. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

This is a fascinating and most wholesome story.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S WATER-BABIES. Edited by J. H. Stickney. Illustrated. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

Passages not intended to be understood by children have been omitted, the book being intended for pupils of the Third or Fourth Reader grade.

The handsome binding, clear type, and low price of these books should give them a wide circulation. They are all suitable for a Sunday-school library. A love in young minds for *good* reading should be fostered by every legitimate means, and in this work the public school and the Sunday-school may unite with the home. The formation of this taste needs careful guidance, and the first step is to *interest* the child. For this purpose, the "Classics for Children" are admirably adapted. The authors of these books tell their stories in a way to hold the attention, and the reader is communing with great minds while he is charmed by a fascinating style. "Robinson Crusoe" is almost a whole library in itself, and can be re-read many times with pleasure and profit. Kingsley's "Water Babies" is a beautiful story, with a healthy tone and an excellent style. The same author's "Greek Heroes" and Mr. Church's "Stories of the Old World" give the children a glimpse into the beautiful world of classic mythology, — that mythology which, through ancient literature, has done so much to educate our race. Scott's poems and novels need no praise. But this excellent edition of the "Lady of the Lake" and Miss Yonge's successful abridgment of "Quentin Durward" are just the books to make the youthful reader acquainted with the simple language and healthful thought of the great novelist. The short biography of Scott prefixed to the "Lady of the Lake" is the sketch of a noble and devoted life.

CHARLES T. BROOKS. Memoir and Poems. Memoir by Charles W. Wendte; Poems selected by W. P. Andrews. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885. pp. 235. Price $1.25.

The name of Charles T. Brooks will be held in loving remembrance by all our Sunday-school children who have read his frequent writings in the *Dayspring*. It was out of a genuine affection for such child-readers that in the midst of his engrossing literary labors Mr. Brooks took time to prepare the pleasing and ingenious rhymes of the long series of verses entitled "An Entomological Alphabet." Other poems from his pen were also addressed to the children of the Sunday-school; but neither these children, nor the majority of the readers of his more serious literary productions, could have known how beautiful a poem was the life of this saintly preacher-poet. That life Mr. Wendte's Memoir most admirably portrays in the volume before us; while the poems and translations which follow the Memoir present additional word-pictures of the poet's literary genius. The book should be placed at once in every Unitarian Sunday-school library. Teachers will find in it the portraiture of a guileless, child-like soul, the story of whose life and character they may tell to their pupils. No one, old or young, can read the volume without being made to feel the blessed influence of a pure and gentle spirit of one who, like John, might have reclined on the Master's breast; for like the beloved disciple, he had learned the truth as it was in the *heart of Christ.*

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

It is designed to be a paper for *all* the members of our Sunday-schools, as well as a visitor to the homes of the pupils. The younger children will have their pleasing pictures and bright stories, their columns of "Nature" and "Biography," and their "Letter-box," with its correspondence, questions, and puzzles. The older children will find something attractive on nearly every page, — good reading for Sunday afternoons, with valuable hints as to books, Sunday-school studies, and the "good life."

For our Sunday-school teachers there will be the *Teachers' Department*, containing practical suggestions on Sunday-school work, *News from the Schools*, and, as a special feature, added notes on the Sunday-school lessons for 1885–1886. Each number of the paper will also contain a short story on one of the "Golden Texts" of these lessons.

An important department of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY will be its *Book Notices*, wherein new books suitable for Sunday-school libraries will be carefully and discriminatingly reviewed.

The uniform subscription price will be *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their school.

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No. I., Lessons I.–X., with Review, is now ready.

Questions Concerning the Son of Man. By Rev. S. H. WINKLEY. Paper, 25 cts.

Lessons on the Life of Saint Paul. By Rev. E. H. HALL. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 35 cts., or $4.00 per dozen.

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Outlines of Christian History. By Rev. JOSEPH H. ALLEN. Cloth, 50 cts; per dozen, $6.00. Large-margin copies, for teachers, $1.00.

The Bible for Beginners. The Old Testament. By Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Second edition. pp. 275. Cloth. $1.00.

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